

THE
STORY OF LENA MURPHY

THE
WHITE SLAVE
AND OTHER
Startling Revelations

GRAPHICALLY TOLD

BY
SAMUEL PAYNTER WILSON

AUTHOR OF

"CHICAGO AND ITS CESSPOOLS OF INFAMY"
"CHICAGO BY GASLIGHT"
ETC., ETC.

The Story of Lena Murphy

This little book would not be complete did it not contain an account of poor Lena Murphy. In the long roll of anti-Christian acts there is no blacker record than that which deals with the lost women of our streets. Nothing can exceed in revolting injustice the conventional mode of treating the weaker and the most tempted as a moral leper, while her guiltier partner occupies the highest places in the synagogue.

Justice is at least as holy a thing as charity and the injustice of the world's judgment which the Church has countersigned is as loathsome as the selfish immorality of the man which it condones as a kind of offset to the severity with which it avenges the faults of the weaker sinner.

The lost women, these poor sisters of Christ, the images in which we have fashioned a womanhood first made in the image of God, are as numerous in Chicago as in any other great city. The silent

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vice of capitols abounds here at least to the same extent that it prevails in other cities of the million class. The regulars of the army of vice constitute the solid core or nucleus of a host far more numerous of irregulars, who, either from the love of license or from the needs of money, give way to temptation which is always at hand. The inmates of "houses," are probably not one-tenth of the total number of women who regard their sex as legitimate merchandise.

Both "houses" and "roomers" may be found in all parts of the city. From the business section back to the grand trees of the suburbs. But there is no section in which they are so concentrated as in the "Red Light" district. It was there in the hot-bed of unrighteousness that I found Lena Murphy in the house of Madame Leroque.

Madame Leroque is a familiar figure in the saloons of more than one city. She is famous in the Chicago courts as having been defendant in many cases of wrongdoing. Her career is known by the police from coast to coast, and she has plied her calling in many of the large cities of the country.

It was after a "raid" that I made Lena Mur-

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phy's acquaintance. I was making my rounds, and stung by the cold winds that swept the streets bare of dust and refuse, I entered a neighboring saloon. Seating myself at a nearby table I was soon approached by the person whom I call Lena Murphy. Lena was flushed, and somewhat forward; both her eyes were discolored, the result of a fight with a French inmate of the "house" adjoining the saloon.

"I don't want anything," I said to Lena. "Why can't you talk decently once in a while? Sit down and let us have a good talk."

Lena looked at me half incredulously, and then sat down.

"Why don't you leave this life?" I said to her. She did not answer.

"Are you not tired of it all, have you not drunk to the bottom of your cup?" A dreamy look came over her face.

Then she said, "It's no use."

"What's no use?" I asked her, and after a time she told me her story.

It was a grim story; commonplace enough, and yet as tragic as life, that story was told to me in that smoke-laden saloon. The old devil flitted in

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and out, superintending his business; the jingling piano was going over in the corner. Young girls and women were seated around the cheap pine tables. Some had escorts and still others were alone, nodding and winking at the strange men as they dropped in. Here in this place where the air was full of the reek of beer and tobacco, Lena spoke soberly, in an undertone, so that the patrons might not hear what she was saying. Her narrative, which she told without any pretense or without any appeal for sympathy or for help, seemed a microcosm of the human race. The whole of the story was there; from the Fall to the Redemption. It seemed the blighting of the hopes of mankind. I give it here as a page, soiled and grimy it may be, but nevertheless a veritable page torn from the book of life.

Lena Murphy is a human document in which is recorded the ruin of one of the least of those of the brethren of Christ. It illustrates many things in our social organization, from the ruthless sacrifice of childhood, due to the lack of factory laws, to the murderous brutality of conventional Christianity, aping the morality without the heart of its Lord.

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"No," said Lena, coldly. "It's no use! Don't commence no religion on me. I've had enough already. Are you a Church member?"

"Why?" I asked. "No, I am not a Church member."

"I'm glad," she said, "you are not a Church member. I have no use for Church members. I will never go near any of them again, and if I could do any of them any harm, I would travel a thousand miles to do it."

Lena was excited and troubled. Something in the past seemed to harass her, and her language was more vigorous than can be quoted here. After a little she became more restrained, and by degrees I had her whole history.

She was born of Irish-American parents in Boston in 1880. Her father was a carpenter by trade. Her mother died when Lena was a mere child. Shortly after her death the family crossed the continent to California, where her father married again. He was a drunkard, a gambler and a violent-tempered man, much given to drinking, and inclined to treat his children with great brutality.

Lena, after spending a year or two in a convent school in San Francisco, left before she had

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learned to read or write, and began to make her own living, at nine years of age. She was employed in a shoe factory, where she made from \$3.00 to \$4.50 a week at piece work. At the factory Lena learned to read out of the newspapers, by the aid of her companions, and when she was eleven was sufficiently smart to obtain a situation as companion and reader to an old lady, who was an invalid, at \$15.00 a month and her board. The place was comfortable. She remained there until she was eighteen.

From that situation she went as chambermaid to a private family in Golden Gate Avenue. She was eighteen, full of vigor and gaiety. She was a brunette with long, dark hair, a lively disposition, and withal the charming audacity and confidence of inexperience. She fell in love. The man was older than she, and for a time she was as happy as most young people in their first dream. Of course she was going to be married. If only the marriage day would come! But there are twenty-four hours in every day, and seven days in every week. Her betrothed, not less impatient, hinted that after all they were already united, why could not they anticipate the ceremony. Did

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she not trust him? He swore that it was all right, that everybody did the same, and they would be so much more to each other.

But why repeat the oft-told story. Let this be a warning to young womanhood. At first Lena would not listen to the suggestion. But after a time when he pressed her and upbraided her and declared that she could not love him if she did not trust him, she went the way of many thousands, only to wake as they have done with the soft illusion dissipated by the terrible reality of motherhood drawing near, with no husband to be a father to her child. When she told him of her condition, he said it was all right; they must get married directly. If she would leave her place and meet him the next day at the corner of a certain street, he would take her to a church and they would be married. In all trusting innocence, relying upon his word, she gave up her situation, put up such things as she could carry and went next day to the trysting place. Of course the man was not there. After waiting until heartsick she went to make inquiries; she soon discovered the fatal truth. Her lover was a married man,

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and he had skipped the town, followed by the brother of another of his victims.

Imagine her position! She had exactly fifteen cents in her pocket. If she had gone home her father, fierce and irascible as he usually was, would have thought little of killing the daughter who had brought disgrace upon the family. She dare not return to her old situation which she had left so suddenly. She had no character from her mistress and no references. What was she to do?

Her position is one in which several thousands of young women find themselves all over the world at this very moment. She was in the position of Eve after she had eaten the forbidden fruit and had been cast out of the Garden of Eden.

It was a modern version of the Fall, and as the Fall led down to destruction, so it was with Lena Murphy. She seemed to be shut up to sin. She wandered about the town seeking work. Finding none all that day, she walked about in the evening. She kept walking aimlessly on and on, until night came and she was afraid. When it was quite dark and she found a quiet corner she crouched upon a doorstep and tried to sleep. What was she to do? She was lonely and miser-

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able; every month her trouble would grow worse. Where could she hide? She dozed off only to awaken with a start. No one was near; she tried to sleep again. Then she got up and walked a little and rested again. When morning came she was tired out and wretched. Then she remembered the address of a girl she knew who was living in the neighborhood. She hunted her up and was made welcome. But her friend had no money. For one night she sheltered her, but all her efforts to find work were in vain.

What was to be done? On the third day she and her friend met a man who asked them if they wanted employment. They answered eagerly, yes. He gave them the address of a woman who he thought could give them something to do. They went there and found it was a house of ill-fame. The woman took them in and told them they might stay. Lena hesitated. But what was she to do? She had lost her character and her place, and she had no friends. Here she could at least get food and shelter, and remain until her baby was born. It seemed as if she was driven to it. She said to herself that she could not help it,

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and so it came to pass that Lena came "upon the town."

Two years she remained there, making the best of it. Her baby fortunately died soon after it was born, and she continued to tread the cinder path of sin alone. This went on for three years, and then there dawned upon her darkened life a real manifestation of redeeming love. One day when she had had a fit of the blues a young man came into the house. He was very young, not more than twenty. Something in her appearance attracted him, and when they were alone he spoke to her so kindly that she marveled. She told him how wretched she was, and he, treating her as if she were his own sister, encouraged her to hope for release. "Take this," he said, as he left her, giving her five dollars. "Save up all you can until you can pay off all your debts and then we will get you out of this."

He came again, and yet again, always treating her in the same brothely fashion, and giving her five dollars every time, and never asking anything in return.

After she had saved up sufficient store to pay off that debt to the landlady, which hangs like a

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mill-stone around the neck of the unfortunate, her young friend told her he had talked to his mother and his sister, and that as soon as she was ready they would be happy to take her into their home until such time as they could find her a situation. Full of delight at the unexpected deliverance, Lena made haste to leave. The young man's mother was as good as her word. In that home she found a warm welcome, and a safe retreat. Lena made great efforts to break off her habit of swearing, and although she every now and then failed, she made such progress that at length it was deemed safe and prudent to let her take a place as a general servant. The short stay in that Christian home had been to her as a glimpse into the opening paradise. Hope sprang up once more into the girl's breast. She would be an honest woman once again. Thus, as we have seen her reproduce the Fall, so we see the blessed work of the Redemption. Now we have to see the way in which his people, "the other ones," as she called them, shuddering, fulfilled their trust.

Lena went to a situation in Oakland, Alameda County, California. Her new mistress was a Mrs. McC——, a Catholic of devout disposition. She

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was a general servant at ten dollars a month. She worked hard, and gave every satisfaction. Even the habit of profanity seemed to have been conquered. Gradually the memory of her past life with its hideous concomitants was becoming faint and dim, when suddenly the past was brought back to her with a shock. She was serving at the table when she suddenly recognized in one of the guests a man who had been a customer in the old "house." She felt as if she was going to drop dead when she recognized him, but she said nothing. The "gentleman," however, was not so reticent.

"Where did you get that girl from?" he asked Mr. McC——.

"Get her," said Mr. McC——; "why, she's a servant in our house."

"Servant," sneered the guest; "I know her. She is a —— from San Francisco."

How eternally true are Lowell's lines:

Grim-hearted world, that look'st with Levite eyes
On those poor fallen by too much faith in man,
She that upon thy freezing threshold lies,
Starved to more sinning by thy savage ban,
Seeking that refuge because foulest vice,
More God-like than thy virtue is, whose span

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Shuts out the wretched only, is more free
To enter Heaven than thou wilt ever be!

Thou wilt not let her wash thy dainty feet
With such salt things as tears, or with rude hair
Dry them, soft Pharisee, that sitt'st at meat
With him that made her such, and speak'st him fair,
Leaving God's wandering lamb the while to bleat
Unheeded, shivering in the pitiiless air;
Thou hast made prisoned virtue show more wan
And haggard than a vice to look upon.

But in this case it was even worse. The lamb which had sought shelter was driven back into the wilderness.

Mr. McC—— would not believe it, but said that he would tell his wife. Mrs. McC—— at once sent for Lena.

"If only I'd been wise," she said to me when telling the story, "I would have denied it, and they would have believed me. But I thought I had broken with all that, and that I had to tell the truth. So I owned up and said, yes, it was true; I had been so, but that I had reformed, and had left all that kind of life. But the old woman, d—— her! she would listen to nothing. 'Faith, she would not have the disgrace of having a —— in her house!' that was all she said."

"Have you anything against me—have I not

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done your work for you ever since I came to you?" I asked her.

"No," was the reply, "I have nothing against you, but I cannot have a person of your character in my house. You must go."

Lena implored her to give her a chance. "You are a Catholic," she said, "will you not give me a helping hand?"

"No," was the inexorable reply. "That does not matter. I cannot have a —— in my house."

Feeling as if she were sinking in deep water Lena fell on her knees sobbing bitterly and begged her for the love of God to have mercy on her and at least to give her a recommendation so that she might get another place.

It was no use. "I cannot do that, for if anything went wrong I would be to blame for it."

"Well, then," said Lena, "at least give me a line saying that for the months I have been here I have worked to your satisfaction."

"No," she said.

"The old hound!" exclaimed Lena to me. "My God, if ever I get the chance I'll have that she devil's life. Yes, if I swing for it. What does it matter? She's blasted my life. When I saw it

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was all no use, I lost all heart and all hope and I gave up then and there. There's no hope for such as me. No, I had my chance and she spoiled it, d——n her for a blasted old hypocrite. And now it's no use. No use, never any more. I use dope, I drink. I'm lost. I'm only a —— . I shall never be anything else. I'm far worse than ever I was, and am going to the devil as fast as I can. It's no use, but d——n me to blue blazes if I ever come within a thousand miles of that old fiend if I don't knife her. When I think what I might have been but for her! Oh, God!" she cried, "What have they done with my life?"

What indeed? After the Fall the Redemption, after the Redemption the Apostacy and now as the result, one of "The images ye have made of me."

"And He took him by the right hand and lifted him up!" Lifted him up! My brother."

Nothing is more obvious to any one who pays attention to the teachings of our Lord than the fact that the conventional judgment about the reputable and disreputable is foreign to the Christian ideal. Who are the most disreputable women in Chicago? They are those who have been

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dowered by society and Providence with all the gifts and all the opportunities; who have wealth and who have leisure, who have all the talents and who live entirely self-indulgent lives, caring only for themselves, thinking only of the welfare of their brothers and sisters in the midst of whom they live. Those women who have great opportunities only to neglect them, and who have great means only to squander them upon themselves, are more disreputable in the eyes of God and man than the worst harlot in the city of Chicago.

Among the many sad aspects of the present time, the saddest is the way in which it presses upon women. More than ever before at this time do I feel able to join in the old Jewish prayer, in which, every Saturday, man thanks God that he was not born a woman. For man in the midst of his misery and destitution is not tormented by the temptation to regard his virtue as a realizable asset. That is the supreme misery of woman. Therefore I am glad to think that some women are bestirring themselves for women. If one go down into the depths and come face to face with the actual facts of human life we will find that at this moment in the city the economic difficulty

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confronts us at every turn. The poor outcast previously mentioned was willing and anxious to leave the life she was leading and did for a while, yet difficulties arose that blasted the poor girl's life. So it is all around the chapter. For unless all the teachings of all the religions is false it is better for a man to lose his life and be miserable and poor and tormented than be comfortable and the possessor of all things and lose his own soul. None are in such danger of losing their souls as those who are wrapped up in their own selfish comfort and who forget the necessities of the brothers and sisters of the Lord.

The idle rich! It is difficult indeed to find language adequate to express the sense of shame, of disgust, and humiliation with which we look upon those whom a bountiful providence and a kindly society has showered all the wealth of the world. They have all their hearts can desire and they use all these blessings merely to gild their own styes and to increase the quality and to improve the flavor of the swill upon which they fatten. It is difficult to speak calmly of such people or to express the degree of confusion and sorrow and indignation which that class of self-indulgent wo-

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men excite in the mind of any intelligent person. I believe that the frivolous, self-indulgent woman of fashion and woman of society is worse, infinitely worse, than many a harlot. These are harsh words, but decent manhood and womanhood know them to be true and well spoken, and I feel glad to know that they reverberate throughout the land.

Here are two typical cases. There is a poor girl come up from the country to this great city, and who is alone and friendless. She is good looking and gets a position as a saleswoman or as a stenographer. Her health gives way and she is laid up. When she comes back her place is filled and she is out of a berth. She goes from place to place seeking work, and you who have never had to do so do not know how hard it is to seek for work day after day and find none. In the midst of her trouble, when she is nearly at her last cent, someone comes along. He likes her looks, and proposes to her, with more or less preamble, that she go and live with him. That is the way many begin. She has no friends, she has no money, and the man at least seems kind and sympathetic, which is more than most of them are. She must

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live. She sees starvation before her. Her poverty, not her will, consents. She becomes his mistress. After a while he tells her to go and do as the others do. She is now down in the "levee" district, loathing the life she leads and drowning her thoughts with drink and often wishing that when she lies down to sleep she may never rise again. That is the common type. There is another type, a woman who is young and strong and healthy, pretty and lazy. She does not want to work if she can help it. She sees that if, in the bloom of youth, she makes a market of herself she can earn more money in a week than what she could earn in a month by hard work. She sells herself accordingly. She says, "I suppose my body belongs to myself, and I cannot see why I cannot do what I like with my own." So she does what she likes and makes a living out of it. That is another type.

Both types are confounded under the common cognomen of fallen women or prostitutes. There is all the difference between them that there is between the fixed stars. I have given both in order that you may compare them to other counterparts among the idle rich. There is a woman, she

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is young, she belongs to the cream of the cream of society. She has all the education which wealth can secure her, she has carriages to bear her to and fro so that she will never have to put her dainty foot to the pavement. She thinks of nothing except pleasing herself, and uses her wealth to minister to vanity and her glory. She uses her carriages solely for her own gratification, and uses that priceless and peerless influence which a good and cultivated woman can exercise, upon her acquaintances to increase the excitement and frivolity of society. She does what she likes with her own. She uses it all for herself, but, having some self-respect, she draws the line at her carcass, which the other does not. Between the two what is the difference? Each one uses what she has received to minister to her own gratification, her own vanity and her own excitement. Upon one society showers all its condemnation. Press, pulpit and women all unite in hurling the severest anathemas upon her who is often more "sinned against than sinning," while they have nothing but adulation and praise for the pet of society who has never spent a single thought ex-

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cepting upon herself. That is bad. It is not our Lord's way of judging.

Unfortunately there is even worse than that. Some of our wealthy women do not even draw the line at their carcass. There is one thought that strikes us with amazement—how the women reared in this great republic, the daughters of our millionaires, who have been born with every blessing which American civilization can give them, instead of taking pride in their American citizenship are ready in their lust for vainglory and their mad desire to outstrip, if only by a hair's-breadth, some rival, to sell themselves as much as any harlot on the "levee" to the most miserable scion of European nobility.

The following is taken from a speech made by Mr. William F. Stead, before the Chicago Women's Club:

"I remember one of our dukes who bore an ancient name. He was divorced on the charge of cruelty and adultery. On one occasion when I was editing the Pall Mall Gazette, he wrote a letter for publication in the paper, which discoursed upon the subject of bimentalism. I sent it back. I wrote him I did not wish to publish that

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letter or any other letters in that controversy now. But I told him I should not be frank if I did not tell him that the reason why I sent the letter back, however, was not because of the subject, but because of its author. "Rightly, or wrongly," I wrote, "you have the reputation for ruining women for your own pleasure, and therefore you are infinitely worse than though you cut throats for hire; therefore I return your manuscript." Shortly afterwards he went to the United States and married an American woman of wealth. What do you think of your women if they allow themselves to be disposed of in this fashion?"

Mr. Stead has put the question straight to us, and it goes direct to the homes of our millionaires.

Why should our young men and women waste their lives and the divine enthusiasm of youth simply in their own gratification, and why should they give all these to wine and women and to all the methods of fashionable debauchery when there are men and women and children at our very door whom they can help, and for not helping, whom will they have to answer on the Day of Judgment? Why, instead of wasting their time and their lives in idleness, why not devote more

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time to the class who were nearest and dearest to the Master's heart? It is within the power of our "idle rich" to save many Lena Murphys.

The Lost Sisterhood

Prevalence of Prostitution in Chicago.

Prostitution is an appalling evil in Chicago. One can scarcely look in any direction without seeing some evidence of it. Street walkers parade the most prominent thoroughfares, dance houses and low concert halls flaunt their gaudy signs in public, and houses of ill-fame are conducted with a boldness unequalled anywhere in the world. The evil is very great, and is assuming larger proportions every year, and I now make the startling assertion, that the prostitutes of Chicago are as numerous as the members of the largest denomination of the city. From the most reliable information obtainable there are about six hundred houses of prostitution and about two hundred and fifty assignation houses in Chicago. The number of women known as prostitutes, and those who "receive" privately, and associate with women whose

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character is beyond reproach, is astounding. Of the number of women who resort to prostitution as a means of securing money, or from other motives, who yet manage to maintain positions of respectability in society, of course no estimate can be made. They are, unfortunately, very numerous, and are said by persons in position to speak with some degree of accuracy to equal the professionals in numbers.

These things are sad to contemplate and disagreeable to write about. The whole subject is unsavory; but no picture of Chicago would be complete did it not include an account of this terrible feature of city life, which meets the visitor at almost every turn; and it is believed that some good may be accomplished by stripping the subject of all its romance, and presenting it to the reader in its true and hideous colors.

The professional women of Chicago represent every grade of their wretched life, from the hells of the fashionable houses of ill-fame to the slowly dying inmates of a Dearborn street brothel. They begin their career with the hope that they will always remain in the class into which they enter, but find, when it is too late, they must go steadily

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down into the depths, closing their lives with a horrible death and a pauper's grave.

The so-called first-class houses of Chicago are conducted with more or less secrecy. It is the object of the proprietress to remain unknown to the police as long as possible, but she finds at last that this is impracticable. The sharp-eyed patrolmen soon discover suspicious signs about the house and watch it until their suspicions are verified, when the establishment is recorded as a house of ill-fame, and placed under police surveillance. These houses are not numerous, however, and not more than thirty in the entire city. Large rents are paid for them, and they are generally hired furnished. They are located in some quiet, respectable portion of the city, and outwardly appear to be simply private dwellings. It often happens that the neighbors are in ignorance of the true character of the house, long after it is known to the police. It is a notorious fact that some of our finest avenues and boulevards are infected with the infamous "houses." The proprietress is a woman of respectable appearance, and passes as a married woman, some man generally living with her, and passing as her husband. This en-

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ables her in case of trouble with the authorities, to show a legal protector and insist upon her claim to be a married woman.

The inmates are women in the first flush of their charms. They are handsome, well dressed, generally refined in manner, and conduct themselves with outward propriety; rude and boistrous conduct, improper language, and indecent behavior are forbidden in the parlors of the house, and a casual visitor passing through public rooms of the place would see nothing out of the usual way.

It is difficult to learn the causes which induce these women to adopt a life of shame. No reliance whatever can be placed upon the stories they tell of themselves. It cannot be doubted, however, that they are generally of respectable origin, and some of them are otherwise fitted to adorn the best circles of society. Some are young women who have been led astray by men who have failed to keep their promises to them, and have drifted into sin to hide their shame, others are wives who have left, or have been deserted by their husbands; others still have deliberately chosen the life, gratifying their love for money and dress; and others again appear to be influenced by motives of pure

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licentiousness. Whatever the cause of adoption of such a life, it is evident they have seen better days. They are still fresh and attractive, and for a while pursue their gilded career of sin and shame, hoping that they may be fortunate enough to retain their place in the aristocracy of vice. The proprietress will have no others than attractive women in her house; and as soon as the inmates begin to show signs of the wretched life they lead, as soon as sickness falls upon them, or they lose their beauty and freshness, she sends them away, and fills their places with more attractive women. She has no difficulty in doing this, for she has her agents on the watch for them all the time, and unfortunately new women are always soliciting admission to such places. Besides this, the proprietress knows that her patrons soon grow tired of seeing the same women in her establishment. She must make frequent changes to satisfy them, and she has no scruples about turning a woman out of her doors to begin the descent of the ladder of shame. Therefore, about one or two years is the average term of the stay of a woman in a fashionable house. A few do remain longer, but the number is so small as to

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constitute scarcely an exception to the general rule. As long as her "boarders" remain with her, the proprietress treats them fairly enough, apart from the fact that she manages to get out of them all the money she can. The women earn large amounts of money, but a considerable portion of this goes for board and other expenses in the house, and their extravagant habits and tastes exhaust the rest. They save nothing, and if taken sick must go to the Charity Hospital for treatment. Their dream of saving money lasts but a short time, and they leave the fashionable houses penniless.

The visitors to these houses are men of means. No one without a full pocket can afford such indulgence. Visitors are expected to spend considerable money for wine, which is always furnished by the proprietress at the most exorbitant prices, and at a profit of about 200 per cent. A large part of her revenue is derived from such sales, and she looks sharply after this branch of the business. The shamelessness with which men of standing and prominence, many of whom are fathers of families, resort to these houses and display themselves in the parlors is astounding.

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Indeed, the keeper of one of the most fashionable houses boasts that married men are her principal customers. Sometimes the visitor desires that his visits shall not be known. For such persons there are private rooms, where they are sure of seeing no one but the proprietress and the woman for whom their visit is intended. These houses are largely attended by strangers visiting Chicago; these, thinking themselves unknown in a large city, care little for privacy, and boldly show themselves in the general parlors. The proportion of married and middle-aged men among them is very great. You will find among them lawyers, physicians, judges of the courts, members of congress, and even ministers of the gospel, from all parts of the country. This may seem a startling assertion, but the police authorities will confirm it. If the secrets of these places as regards their visitors could be made public there would be a terrible rupture in many happy families throughout the land, as well as in the metropolis. Men who at home are models of propriety, seem to lose all sense of restraint when they come to Chicago. These same gentlemen would be merciless towards

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any female member of their families who should display a similar laxity.

To return to the women: the inmates of the first-class houses rarely remain in them for more than two years. Their shameful and dissipated lives render them by this time unfit for companionship with their aristocratic associates. The proprietress quickly detects this and remorselessly orders them from her house. She knows the fate that awaits them; but her only care is to keep her house full of fresh and attractive women.

The Next Step.

Having quitted the fashionable house, the wretched woman has no recourse but to enter a second-class house, and then go down one grade lower in vice. The proprietress is cruel and exacting, and boldly robs her boarders whenever occasion offers. The visitors are more numerous, but are a rougher and coarser set than those who patronized her in the first stages of her career. Money is less plentiful, her life is harder in every way, and she seeks relief from the reflections that will crowd upon her in drink, and perhaps to

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drunkenness adds the vice of opium. Her health breaks fast, what was left of her beauty when she entered the house soon fades, and in two or three years she becomes unfit to even remain in a second-class house. She is turned into the street by the proprietress, who generally robs her of her money and jewelry, and sometimes even of her clothing, save what she has on at the time. The wretches who keep these houses do not hesitate to detain a woman's trunk, or other effects, upon some trumped-up charge of arrears or debt, when they have no longer any use for her. The poor creature has no redress, and is obliged to submit in silence to any wrong practiced upon her.

The woman whose career opened so brilliantly is now a confirmed prostitute and drunkard, bloated, sickly and perhaps diseased; she is without hope, and there is nothing left. It is only four or five years, perhaps less, since she entered the fashionable boulevard mansion, beautiful and attractive in all the freshness of her charms, and little dreaming of the fate in store for her. She is not an exception to the rule, however. She has but followed the usual road, and met the inevitable doom of her class.

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Going Down Into the Depths.

From the second-class house the lost woman passes into one of the bagnios of the "red-light district" or some similar place. Here her lot is infinitely more wretched. Her companions are the vilest of her class, and the visitors are among the lowest order of men who cannot gain admittance into places such as she has left. She finds herself a slave to the keeper of the house, who is often a burly ruffian, and even more brutal than a woman would be in the same position. She is robbed of her earnings, is beaten, and often falls into the hands of the police. She becomes familiar with the courts, the bridewell, and whatever of womanly feeling remained to her is crushed out of her. She is a brute simply. She remains in Green, Peoria or some other like street for a year or two—human nature cannot bear up longer under such a life—and is then unfit to remain even there. Would you seek her after this you will find her in the terrible dens and living hells—even in places of infamy and degradation that a former Mayor was compelled to stamp out, so utterly repugnant was it to even the lowest instincts of man. To the

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burning disgrace of Chicago, some of these pestiferous vice-breeding places are allowed to exist by the "stink-pots" who govern the city. These poor, vile, repulsive women, slowly dying from their bodily ailments, and the effects of drink and drugs, have reached the bottom of the ladder, and can go no lower. She knows it, and in a sort of dumbly, desperate way, is glad it is so. Life is such a daily torture to her, that death only offers her any relief. She is really a living corpse. The end soon comes. Some die from the effects of their terrible lives, and oh! such fearful deaths; and others are killed or fatally injured in drunken brawls which so often occur in this locality; and others still seek an end of their miserable existence in the dark waters of Lake Michigan.

I draw no exaggerated picture of the gradual but inevitable descent of a fallen woman in Chicago. Every detail is true to life. Seven years is the average life of an abandoned woman in the great city. She may begin her career with all the eclat possible, she may queen it by nature of her beauty and charms in some fashionable house, at the beginning, and may even outlast the average term at such places; it matters not; her doom is

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certain. The time will come when she must leave the aristocracy of shame, must take the second step in her terrible career. Seven years for the majority of these women, then death in its most horrible form. Some may, and do, anticipate the end of it by suicide; few ever escape from it.

"The wages of sin is death." Some cherish the hope that after a few years of pleasure, they will reform; but alas, they find it impossible to do so. A few, a very few, do escape, through the aid extended to them by the "missions," but they are so few that they but help to emphasize the hopelessness of the effort. The doom of the fallen woman is swift and sure! "The wages of sin is death." Once entered upon a career of shame, the whole world sets its face against her. Even the men who associated with her in her palmy days would turn a deaf ear to her appeals for aid after she has gone down into the depths. I would to God that the women who are about to enter upon this terrible life could walk through the purlieu of the "red-light" district and witness the sights that I have seen there. I would they could see the awful, despairing faces that look out from the

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bagnios of that terrible neighborhood, and realize that, however brilliant the opening of their career may be, this must be the end of it. It is idle for them to hope to escape the doom of the fallen woman. "The wages of sin is death." Would anyone know what sort of death? Let her come to Chicago and see.

Many of the women of the town never pass through the various gradations of vice that I have described.

Many never see the inside of a fashionable house of ill-fame, but begin lower down the scale, as inmates of second-class houses, as waiter girls in concert saloons, as inmates of dance houses—which were so prevalent in Chicago years ago—or as street walkers. These meet their inevitable doom all the more quickly, but not less surely.

The city is full of people, men and women, whose object is to lead young girls into lives of shame. They watch the hotels, depots and large stores and lure respectable girls away on various pretexts. Every inducement is held out to working girls and women to adopt the vile trade, and many fall willing victims. Hundreds of these women are from rural districts of adjoining states.

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They come to the city seeking work and are sometimes successful. Often, however, they can find nothing to do, and when poverty and want stare them in the face, they listen to the voice of the tempter, become street walkers or inmates of houses of ill-fame. Sometimes, while they are in the first days of their success, they will write home that they are pursuing honest callings in the city and earning respectable livings, and will even send money home to their deluded parents. After a while the letters cease—the writer has gone into the depths; they are lost!

It is, indeed, strange to see how these women will cherish the memory of their homes even in the midst of their shame. They will speak at the pleasant home, or their aged father and mother, in accents full of despair. Often these memories will cause them to burst into uncontrollable weeping. If one should try to take advantage of this moment of tenderness, and urge them to make an effort to reform, they are met with but one answer: "It is too late."

The keepers of the bagnios of the city use every means to lure young women into their power. Some years since, a girl who had managed to

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escape from a notorious brothel, told the following story :

“I watched the advertisements in the papers to see something that would suit me. I learned that a Mrs. G——of —— street wanted two girls to do light chamber work, and I hastened there, with a friend, in quest of the position. We were received by Mrs. G——, who began to explain to us the nature of the duties we were expected to perform. It was an awful proposition. She kept a house of ill-fame. We fled. I was much discouraged. Not so my friend, who told me there was another lady down the street, who was really in want of a girl to help her. We went to her house. It was another of the same sort ; but after I got in there my clothes were taken from me, and the woman furnished me with some sort of silk, trimmed with fur, and tried to make me act like the other girls in her establishment. I remained there from Saturday to Wednesday night, because I could not get away. I had no clothes to wear in the streets, even if I should succeed in reaching them, which was impossible, and the woman who kept the house was angry with me, brutally so, because I would not comply with her wishes. I and another

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young girl tried to escape by the back yard. The other girl got away, but I was discovered by the keeper, who drove me back into the house with curses. On Wednesday evening I was made to sit at a window and call a man, who was passing, into the house. He turned out to be a detective, and arrested me, and was the means of my freedom!"

The police are often called upon by relatives of abandoned women to assist them in finding them and rescuing them from their lives of shame. Sometimes, in the cases of very young girls, these efforts are successful, and the poor creature gladly goes with friends. Others again refuse to leave their wretched haunts; they prefer to lead their lives of infamy.

One night a young man called at the "Apollo," a theatre and dance house on Third Avenue—now Plymouth Place—and inquired for his sister Dora, who, he had learned, was in that place. The young lady came out, while he was speaking, in company with a well-dressed man. Instead of complying with her brother's entreaties, she entered a carriage, with her escort, and drove to a nearby police station to seek relief from her brother's importunities. The brother followed,

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told the sergeant the story of his sister's shame, and asked him to keep her there until he could summon the father. The sergeant complied with the request and the father soon appeared. He was a respectable oil manufacturer and had lavished wealth and fine dress upon the wayward child. He confirmed his son's statements, and appealed to his daughter to go home with him. She answered him flippantly, and the indignant father cursed her for her sin, and would have attacked the man with her had not officers prevented him. The woman was locked up for the night in the station house, and brought before court the next morning. The father urged that she should be sent to some reformatory establishment, but the woman met him with the statement that she was twenty-three years old, beyond legal control, and therefore entitled to choose her own mode of life. Her plea was valid, and the magistrate was unwillingly compelled to discharge her from custody, though he endeavored to persuade her to return to her family. She then left the court room, was joined by several flashily-dressed women, and departed in high spirits, completely ignoring her relatives.

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One of the worst classes of abandoned women consists of street walkers. On any of the business streets and even in outlying districts these women are very numerous. They are generally well dressed, and, as a rule, are young. They pursue certain regular routes, rarely pausing, unless they "pick-up" a companion, when they dart off with him to some side street. On the brilliantly lighted thoroughfares the police do not allow them to stop and accost men, but they manage to do so. The neighborhoods of the "hotels" and the places of "amusement" are their principal cruising grounds, and their victims are mainly strangers to the city. Many of them have regular employment during the day, and ply their wretched trade at night to increase their gains. They accompany their victims to the "bed-houses" which are conveniently at hand, and if an opportunity occurs will rob him. They frequent the dance halls and concert saloons; in fact, every place to which they can obtain admission, and lure men into their company. As a rule they are vicious in the extreme, drink heavily, and in some cases are fearfully diseased.

In former years many of the street walkers

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were in the regular employ of the "panel-houses," which were numerous at that time. These houses were kept by men, who were among the most desperate roughs in Chicago. The woman is either mistress of one of these men, or in his pay. The method pursued was as follows: The street walker secures her victim on the street, or at some concert hall, or dance-house. He is generally a stranger, and ignorant of the localities of the city. She takes him to her room, which is an apartment provided with a partition in which there is a sliding door or panel. The confederate of the woman is concealed behind the partition, and at a favorable moment slides back the panel, enters the room and strips the clothing of the victim of the money and valuables contained in it. If discovered, the panel thief endeavors to disable the victim. The latter is no match for his assailant, and is from the first at a disadvantage. The thief is desperate, and is generally armed. He does not hesitate at anything, and, if necessary, will murder the victim, the woman assisting him in the fearful work. Then the body is left until near morning, when it is placed in a wagon engaged by the thief, carried to the river or lake,

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and then thrown into the water. Generally the robbery is accomplished without the necessity of resorting to violence. The victim either puts up with his loss in silence, or reports it to the police. The records at headquarters contain reports of numerous robberies of this kind. So the evil went on. Strangers in this city incur terrible risk in accompanying street walkers, and women whom they meet on the street, at concert and dance halls to their homes. In nine cases out of ten, robbery is certain. Murder is too often the result of such adventure. Truly, Solomon was wise indeed when he wrote: "He hath taken a bag of money with him—with her much fair speech she caused him to yield, with flattering of her lips she forced him—he goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks; till a dart strike through his liver; as a bird hastened to the snare, and knoweth not it is for his life—her house is the way to hell going down to the chambers of death."²

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